"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE LAST HOURS OF DR. CHANNING.

"OUR earnest prayer to God is, that he will overturn, and overturn, and overturn the strongholds of spiritual usurpation, until HE shall come, whose right it is to rule the minds of men; that the conspiracy of ages against the liberty of Christians may be brought to an end; that the servile assent so long yielded to HUMAN CREEDS may give place to honest and devout inquiry into the Scriptures; and that Christianity, thus purified from error, may put forth its almighty energy, and prove itself, by its ennobling influence on the mind, to be indeed the power of God unto salvation." No words of this great and pure-minded man do better convey to us the aim of his life and the wide-spread and salutary influence his writings have had on society during the past fifty years. In America, a great social and theological revolution has taken place. The writings of Channing have been translated into almost every European language, and are acknowledged to be leavening the continent with a new religious and reformatory spirit. In our own country, the palace of the Queen and the cottages of the poor possess the writings of Channing, and esteem them next to the Bible in religious value. He died at the age of sixty-two, in the full possession of all his mental powers, when on a journey from home, in 1842. Let us for one minute hear the story of his last hours from the pen of one who was at his side. He was on his way home when he was attacked with fever which proved fatal. He said crowds of images and visions of immensity were in his mind. He conversed with his friends on the nature and value of the Christian religion. He liked to hear the minutest details about friends during the twenty-six days of his illness. A beautiful smile spread over his face as plans of benevolence and works of usefulness were told him in which his acquaintances were engaged. He was confined to an hotel, and the courtesy with which he every morning greeted the young woman who arranged his room, and his kind inquiries after all the members of the household, were unvarying. His benevolent and pure spirit filled the place with sacredness. "I should wish," said he, "if it is the will of Providence, to be able to return home, *to die there*." He instantly added —"But it will all be well: it *is* all well." In the morning of the day on which he died (Sunday, Oct. 2) he asked them to read a lesson from the Sermon on the Mount, and at its close he said, "I take comfort, O, the greatest comfort, from these words: they are full of the divinest spirit of our religion." In the afternoon he was heard to say, "I have received many messages from the Spirit." As the day declined, his countenance fell, and he grew fainter and fainter. His face was turned towards the window, which commanded a view over valleys and wooded summits. The light fell upon his face. The sun had just set, and the clouds and sky were bright with gold and crimson. He breathed more and more gently, and, without a struggle or a sigh, the body fell asleep. Amidst the glory of autumn, at an hour hallowed by his devout associations, on the day consecrated to the memory of the risen Christ, he was taken home.

THE HUMBLE LIGHT-HOUSE.

A STORY OF LONG AGO.

THE long time ago of which I mean to tell, was a wild night in March, during which, in a fisherman's hut ashore, sat a young girl at her spinning-wheel, and looked out on the dark driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the wind and the sea. The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the troubled waves was missing —her father's boat!—and half a mile from his cottage, her father's body was washed upon the shore.

This happened fifty years ago, and fifty years is a long time in the life of a human being; fifty years is a long time to go on in such a course as the woman did of whom I am speaking. She watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she lay down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; then when day dawned she went to bed and slept in the sunshine. So many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one over to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow-storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbour has never been once without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, or how many a meal she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say; how many a dark night the fishermen, depending on it, went fearlessly forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, they had only to keep it constantly in view and they were safe; there was but one thing that could intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have stretched out to sea, they had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance into the harbour.

Fifty years of life and labour—fifty years of sleeping in the sunshine—fifty years of watching and self-denial, and all to feed the flame and trim the wick of that one candle! But if we look upon the recorded lives of great men and just men and wise men, few of them can shew fifty years of worthier, certainly not of more successful labour. Little, indeed, of the midnight oil consumed during the last half century so worthily deserved the trimming. Happy woman! —and but for the dreaded rock her great charity might never have been called into exercise.

But what do the boatmen and the boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman? No, they are very poor: but poor or rich they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they feel that thanks of theirs are inadequate to express their obligations, or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they look upon it as a matter of course. Sometimes the fishermen lay fish upon her threshold, and set a child to watch it till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now she is getting old, and spin a hank of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass the door of her hut quietly, and not to shout and sing before her door, lest they should disturb her. That is all. Their thanks are not looked for—scarcely supposed to be due. Their grateful deeds are more than she expects, and that is as much as she desires.

How often, in the far distance of my English home, I have awoke in a wild winter night, and while the wind and storm were rising, have thought of that northern bay, with the waves dashing against the rock, and have pictured to myself the casement, and the candle nursed by that bending, aged figure! How delighted to know that through her untiring charity the rock has lost more than half its terrors, and to consider that, curse though it may be to all besides, it has most surely proved a blessing to her.

You, too, may perhaps think with advantage on the character of this woman, and contrast it with the mission of the Rock. There are many degrees between them. Few, like the rock, stand up

wholly to work ruin and destruction; few, like the woman, "let their light shine" so brightly for good. But to one of the many degrees between them we must all most certainly belong—we all lean towards the woman or the rock. On such characters you do well to speculate with me, for you have not been cheated into sympathy with ideal shipwreck or imaginary kindness. There is many a rock elsewhere as perilous as the one I have told you of—perhaps there are many such women; but for this one, whose story is before you, pray that her candle may burn a little longer, since this record of her charity is true.—*Jean Ingelow.*

FRANCESCO DE ROVIGO.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

Francesco Lega de Rovigo became a martyr for his Unitarian faith on the 25th of February, 1566. We must not forget the memory of our martyrs. It will do us good from time to time to remember them. It is thus that men live upon each other, and find, as in the pre-eminent instance of our Lord, that the body is meat indeed and the blood is drink indeed. It is thus upon the dead bodies of our forefathers we have climbed to a higher platform of religious and political freedom. We have to be thankful to their memories for the noble labours in which they engaged and into which we have entered, the fruits of which we enjoy, and the conflicts of which have bequeathed to us peace.

You must look backward through a vista of beyond three centuries at Vicenza, a small town in northern Italy, at no great distance from the learned Padua, and not much further from Venice, the spouse of the ocean. There, while yet the Papacy was a terrible power in Italy, were meeting together a small society of intelligent men—privately, for publicity would have been instant death—men of high heads and broad foreheads, men of quick eyes and earnest countenances, men of noble resolve and intense purpose. And they were meeting, strangely enough, in that country, although not in that time, for Luther's quickening words had then been spoken, to free the Christian religion from the errors which had crept into it, and to restore the church to its original purity; and in their views upon these subjects they went far deeper than even Luther himself. It was a very small society in numbers, although powerful in the moral worth and mental attainments of its members. It has been reported that while its centre was at Vicenza, it had branches in most of the towns throughout the Venetian territory; but this is extremely doubtful. It appears to have been an association of a few persons of learned acquirements and free inquiring minds for the purpose of exchanging thought, discussing differences, and coming to an agreement upon various questions connected with religious truth. Among the subjects discussed by them, we find expressly mentioned the dogma of the Trinity and the doctrine of Satisfaction. Among those who met together, there was Lælius Socinus, who was a native of Sienna, but who was educated at Padua and Bologna, and who afterwards gave a noble name to a particular phase of Unitarianism which is not to be despised. Among them was John Paul Alciati, another confessor of our faith, for which after his escape from Vicenza he was also expelled Switzerland in 1579. Among them was Valentine Gentilis, who was afterwards burned at Geneva for his Unitarian faith. Among them was Bernardine Ochinus, who, after many unrelenting persecutions suffered for his fidelity to truth, at length died old and in want upon his weary way as a wandering exile. Among them were other noble names, with that of Francesco de Rovigo, whose martyrdom we are now commemorating. And there they met together in that little old town, destined yet to have its apotheosis, and to be held more glorious than Rome itself, as the true nursing-place of freedom of thought, and therefore the real cradle of present Italian Liberty; there they met, pious men, learned men, truth-loving men, upon whose noble heights the daylight of our faith had in their age first shone, while yet the plain of those who lived around them was in darkness; there they met, welcoming the light, rejoicing in it and praying that its beams might at length be diffused on all around. O, if we could only unveil the past and be present as hearers at one

of those sessions at Vicenza, at how rare a banquet of thoughtful piety should we partake, into what sweet a communion with the ancestors of our faith should we enter, what knowledge should we attain of that evangelic power of faith and heroism of purpose, and yet higher of that spiritual yearning and unsatisfied devoutness which in the midst of those dark days urged these forefathers of our spirits into secret counsel and afterwards into public avowal of doctrines now dear to our hearts, but which then, although the most ancient form of our faith, had become unknown amid the corrupted state of the Christian Church! Unfortunately, there are no archives of Vicenza to help to unveil the past for us—no records of the discussions there entered upon, or of the piety there displayed. Their faith there only became known by its fruits, by the after advocacy of the truth of that glorious little band which there met, and by the writings and apostleships, the confessorates and martyrdoms of its members. The want of literary records by which to establish the early history of our faith is sadly felt by us, when we desire to nourish our minds upon the truth-loving and self-devotion of our ancestry; but it is a want which we have to deplore in common with others, and a deficiency which was a consequence of the circumstances of those times in which our forerunners lived and laboured for us. The remarks of Dr. Maccrie in reference to the history of the Reformation in Italy generally, are equally applicable to the history of the society at Vicenza. "Unfortunately (he writes) none of the Italian Protestants in the 16th century thought of recording the facts connected with the religious movement which issued in their expulsion from their native country. On the other hand, writers of the Roman Catholic persuasion appear to have agreed from an early period to pass over a subject at once dangerous to themselves and ungrateful to their countrymen; or, if they did touch it, to represent any agitation which took place as exceedingly slight and transient, and as produced by a few individuals of no note or consideration, who had suffered themselves to be led astray by fondness for novelty."

That the society at Vicenza was not numerous we have many reasons for thinking, as advanced truth is ever in a minority, as the discussions in which they engaged demanded learning, as the secrecy of their meetings implied a restriction in their numbers; but that their members were persons of note and consideration is no less clear. Notwithstanding the privacy of their assemblies, the emissaries of the Inquisition at length got knowledge of their proceedings, and in the year 1546 the society of Vicenza was dispersed, the Venetian Senate acting in aid of the Inquisition. Most of the members of the Vicenza society having obtained timely knowledge of the design against them, or being fortunately absent at the time of the visitation, saved themselves by hiding or by flight. Others were seized and conveyed to the dungeons of St. Mark. Of the former were Lælius Socinus, who hid himself for awhile, and then escaped to Switzerland, as did also Ochinus, Francis Niger and Valentine Gentilis, who was to experience the terrible mercies of Calvin. Of the latter were James De Chiari, who died in the cells of the Inquisition, a natural death, but hastened by the tortures to which he was subjected; Julius Trevisanus, who was afterwards put to death at Venice; and Francesco Lega de Rovigo.

At the dead hour of midnight, on the 25th of February, 1566, a black painted gondola received from the steps of the great Venetian State dungeons a muffled prisoner, and was immediately rowed out to sea. It was borne away swiftly but silently by two pair of oars, and besides the rowers and the prisoner a solitary monk was on board. Into the darkness they went upon the willing waves until they had gained a point beyond the two castles where another like gloomy gondola was moored. A plank was laid across from one boat to the other. The body of the poor prisoner was chained to it. A heavy stone was attached to his feet, and at a given signal the two vessels were impelled apart, and the chained and weighted prisoner was precipitated upon his plank into the waves—a savage gift to the Adriatic by its mysterious and terrible Queen — another victim to the brutal theology of the Inquisition. Such was the punishment which it had become

customary to inflict upon reputed heretics at Venice. Thus perished Francesco de Rovigo in martyrdom for our faith.

It is little that we know of de Rovigo, much less than of many of his companions who survived the dispersion of the society at Vicenza. According to our dates, he must have been about twenty years a prisoner in the cells of the Inquisition before he was borne to his ocean martyrdom. What that means, you can scarcely conceive in this day. It meant the question, the thumb-screw, the rack —tortures worse than death itself. All this that poor prisoner would have passed through, until, after this twenty years' prolongation of his misery, he was at length consigned upon his plank to the tenderer mercies of the Adriatic. And what faith, what constancy, what adherence to his principles, what faithfulness to his convictions, must he have shewed during this terribly long period! We know little of him, few particulars of his life and character; but we know this one thing, and it is much, much in every way, much which tells us of the heroic nature of his own soul, much which tells us of the power of that faith which he professed, and of its ability to support through the long years of persecution and torture, and of its value to be cherished in the dark hour of death. The historian De Porta speaks of Francesco de Rovigo as being properly reckoned by the Unitarians among the number of their martyrs. It would seem that the perusal of the books of Servetus on the Errors of the Trinity had first led him to observe the corruptions of Christianity. It is recorded also that he composed several pious works during his incarceration for the comfort of his fellow-prisoners. The author of the French History of the Martyrs relates that he suffered death as a new Ebionite.

Such is all that we know of de Rovigo. We may desire to know more, but in many respects it is enough. His twenty years' imprisonment and final martyrdom speak of a fidelity to conviction and a constancy of faith which should not be without their lessons even in this day, when far less terrible ordeals are proffered to us. They have also their historical significance. It is not only, then, the first apostles of our Lord who were martyrs for their faith. Fine as is that 11th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, its descriptions of sufferings endured for the sake of faith may yet be extended. No one age has a monopoly of saints, of heroes, of martyrs. No one religion, and no one form of a particular faith, has a monopoly of them. It is not necessarily the Truth for which men die, but that which they consider to be the Truth; and for this they will rightly die heroically, however different the doctrines which they hold. The love of Truth is that which ennobles the martyr, however a future age and wider discoveries may prove him to have been in error as to what he conceives to have been truth. God thus never leaves himself without a witness in the world, and Truthfulness is never without its champions. Every age has its apostles and martyrs, and the inspirations of a Living God are thus revealed to man. You can close thus no canon of Scripture. You can assert that no age of miracles is passed. You can limit inspiration, revelation, heavenly authority, to no number of men. You cannot prove a doctrine to be true either by miracle or martyrdom, but only by reason and argument; and the collective enlightenment of our race founded upon centuries of knowledge can only decide upon the truth of the ideas of the individual thinker in any particular age.

Yet true is it that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. A church to grow great requires its roots to be deeply planted in the past. It demands traditions upon which the hand of antiquity has set its seal. It needs to be nourished upon the pious chivalry and romance of ancient apostles and martyrs. It rejoices in the daring and labours of the former in their lives, and nourishes its faith upon the constancy and truthfulness of the latter in their deaths. It is a great thing for us, then, as members of the wide body of the Unitarian church, visible and invisible, on earth and in heaven, that we can trace our line of tradition to the earliest times of the Founder of our faith and his first apostles, and find it there in the absolute religion and pure theism which he held as the one sure foundation of all true religious truth. As a church of God, we do not date our history from the expulsion of

the Two Thousand from the pulpits of the Church of England, for we can go and find an origin a century before that in the Unitarian society of Vicenza. Yet neither would we date it from the Vicenza society, as in every age of the church we find a continuous protestation borne against the Trinitarian corruptions of Christianity, and in Arians, Monarchians, Ebionites, we discern our spiritual ancestry, leading us backward to the simple theism which was taught by Christ himself, and which in our own age has acquired fresh illustrations, and is moving the minds of men with increased power. Our tradition is complete and of the grandest kind; and from the noblest heretics of every age to the great Arch Heretic, our Lord, we trace it through the enlightened of every time, and find it derived from the idea of a universal God, which is one with the human consciousness. Our glorious army of martyrs also nourish our faith. There is not a country in Europe in which they have not laid down their lives for the truth. We bless their memories, and although we know that martyrdom does not demonstrate truth, we know equally that it does prove truthfulness, and we exult that we can say, "We also have our martyrs."

Let us likewise not forget to improve under our own circumstances the examples of the past. Little did Francesco de Rovigo think that three centuries after his death his memory would be thus commemorated. An obscure man, perishing by a mysterious death, he had allied his name to the cause of Truth, which is eternal in its nature, and has acquired an everlasting remembrance. Let us not forget the lesson that is thus taught. Our memories for good or evil live after us. It is better to be remembered with the few noble souls who in every age have dedicated themselves to the search after truth, to the love of free inquiry, to the service of God and man, than to be forgotten among the vast multitude, who, lost in supplying the mere wants of the body, care not for thought, care not for freedom, seek not for truth, and perish without having laid hold of those everlasting things which make memory holy in the eyes of men and sweet to the heart of God.

GOOD AND EVIL.

BY W. G. MILLS.

Wisely has our Heavenly Father
Strown our path with weeds and flowers,
And bestowed the power to gather,
Freely as the will is ours.
Knowledge of both good and evil
Is a blessing to us made;
Better than "the state primeval,"
Though in innocence arrayed.

Man received this mortal nature
Not through error, nor by chance,
But was made a sentient creature,
Born in guileless ignorance.
Powers were given with this condition
To observe, acquire, and do,
Then to prosecute the mission,
Pain and pleasure must pass through.

Sin and death man's nature wasted,
That his joy might be complete;
Had we not the bitter tasted,
Could we value what is sweet?
Toil, and grief, and sore temptation,
We must pass through here below,
To enjoy the exaltation
That we shall in glory know.

All things to the end enduring,
In experience we shall grow;
All things to ourselves securing,
Through this only means can flow.
With the work of life surrounded,
When the noble strife is o'er,
We shall know where sin abounded—
Grace and joy abound the more.

Jesus gave himself an offering
When his sinless course was run,
But was perfected through suffering,
Ere he gained his Father's throne.
And though now in glory seated,
Knowing good and evil thus,
Yet his bliss was not completed
Till he felt like one of us.

Some may scoff and some may wonder
Why our Father made us so;
Learned divines the mystery ponder,
Yet the reason never know.
But this holy truth we seize on,
God has given naught in vain;
We perceive 'tis godlike reason,
Good and evil both should reign.

In this mission of our trial
Let's improve while here we roam,
God will aid our self-denial,
Till we all things overcome.
Let us, then, be true and holy,
Pass the thorns and pluck the flowers,
And, though now our lot is lowly,
Life and glory shall be ours.

GOD BLESS YOU, KIND GIRLS!

A FRIEND of mine saw at a short distance before him, an old man walking with great difficulty, and very tired. He seemed at a loss which way to go. Between my friend and the old man two little girls, eight and ten years of age, were walking and talking about the old man.

"How tired he looks!" says one.

Just then a young man passed by, of whom the old man asked his way to No. 16———street. A hasty answer, not at all clear, was the only reply. In his bewilderment the old man struck against a post, and his staff fell from his hand. The larger girl sprang to support him, while the other handed him the staff, saying, "Here it is, sir."

"Thank you, my kind girls," said the old man; "can you direct me to No. 16 ——— street? I came to the city today to visit my son. Wishing to surprise him I did not send him word that I was coming. I am a stranger here, and have been walking a long time to no purpose."

"O, we will go with you, sir; mother said we might walk for an hour, and we can go as well that way as any other."

"*God bless you, my kind girls!*" said the old man. "I am sorry to trouble you."

"O," replied the little girls, "it is not the least trouble; we love old folks, and we love to do them a favour."

They at length brought the old man opposite the house which he sought, and he was dismissing them; but they said, "We must cross the street with you, lest the carriages run over you."

What a delightful body-guard were those kind children! As they separated the old man said, "If ever you visit my country, come to the house of John B., and you shall have as hearty a welcome and as good entertainment as any home can afford."—*Mother's Magazine.*

THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

SOCIAL STATISTICS AND MORAL FACTS.

"HOME, sweet Home!" That home influence should be sweet, whether for rich or poor, we are all agreed; but the present dwellings of millions of the poor are such as to be opposed to any such influences. One writer declares many to be such abominations that our language has no name to express them. Not only in our great increasing cities, but in many of our country villages, is the condition of the dwellings of our poorer industrial brethren a disgrace and a shame to a civilized, much more to a professedly Christian community. One party who visited 275 families in a single neighbourhood found 1112 persons occupying 389 beds; some rooms with sick people in them were filled at night with persons on made-up beds, and pervaded with an atmosphere so tainted as to produce illness in the visitor for some time afterwards. In another district, of 1465 families occupying 2174 rooms and 2510 beds, 623 had only 1 bed to each family, and 638, 2 beds to each family; 929 had only one room each, and 408 only 2 each. Of 4102 families visited in London, 2557 of them were decidedly uncomfortable for want of better houses, the average number of individuals in a house being 34, and in a room $4\frac{1}{2}$. In one room there were 13 persons to live and sleep, young people herding together without separation of sexes. Of 199 rooms visited, 50 were occupied by more than one family, and in some cases 4 families were found in one room. A few days ago, in Bethnal Green, an inquest was held on the body of a child nine months old, that had died in a cottage in which eight others of the family were suffering from typhus fever; the nine occupants of a neighbouring one had been attacked by the same disease, and the father had died, leaving the family to the ratepayers for support; at the next cottage a boy with shaven head said that seven out of the twelve occupants had also had the fever. There are several of these cottages with families of seven in each room only measuring 12 feet by 11 and seven high, or 924 cubic feet, or little more than 132 cubic feet per person, about one-eighth of the amount of venti-

lated air-space allowed to our criminals. Even the paupers are allowed 300 cubic feet, and when sick 500 cubic feet; model lodging houses provide about 550 feet, and hospitals from 1000 to 1500 each person. Now when it is borne in mind that about half a cubic foot of air passes through the lungs every minute, and that about three cubic feet more are charged with impure exhalations from the surface of the body in the same time, it will appear that the 924 cubic feet of air would be contaminated by seven persons in about 40 minutes, and would also have passed once through their lungs in four hours, giving off most of its vital properties; hence, after this time, in an unventilated room, the blood (about twenty-one pints) presented to the air in the lungs for purification every 2 min. 40 sec. will circulate with increasing impurity through the system. Of such overcrowded, filthy, unventilated places—and there are some where the inmates have not 100 cubic feet each—truly fever-breeding cells, Dr. Southwood Smith says, that one inspiration of their plague-stricken atmosphere might be capable of producing instantaneous death. Dr. Brook says, "fever never departs from these places (St. Luke's); it is an everflowing spring of pauperism and demoralization."

Even within a short distance of the Queen's Palace there sleep at night thousands congregated here and there in spots of pestilential influence: the contagion generated in such places does not confine itself to them, but providentially touches others of the wealthier and more educated classes, the high-fed as well as the low-fed, and now and then awakens them, if not by a sense of their duty, at least by that of self-interest, to the necessity of mitigating the poverty, ignorance and sin that surround them. Medical authorities tell us that typhoid fever selects its victims often from those in the midst of health.

The state of things in provincial towns is not better. Of 309 families visited in one town, 137 had only one bed-room, though averaging 6 members each; the other 172 had two bed-rooms each, with an average of 7 members: in some of the bed-rooms 8 and even 13 persons slept. In a southern town, 556 families were found having only part of a room, 2244 having one room, and 1053 having two rooms each. In Liverpool, there were 2271 families in dark courts, and 7493 in cellars, dark, damp and confined, numbering 30,000 souls.

Dr. Hunter in his Report (he personally inspected near 9000 bed-rooms) shews that multitudes of our agricultural labourers are no better provided with dwelling-room — we cannot say housed or accommodated, for it is neither. Queen Elizabeth in her day punished both owner and occupier who allowed more than one family to reside in a cottage. Workpeople residing not exactly with their masters, but on the estates of squires and nobility, may be found in scenes of squalor and degradation that would be considered extravagant in pages of fiction. In each of three houses at Steventon slept 4 adults and three children in rooms 13 ft. by 6 ft. 9 in. At Hartford, in Hunts, lived in one room a married pair, 3 adult sons, 1 adult daughter and 4 children. These are not solitary cases. There are villages in nearly every county where decency, separation of sexes, ventilation and cleanliness are utterly disregarded. This state of things is promoted by the law of settlement making it the interest of certain farmers and squires, who have it in their power, to take care that there shall not settle upon the land in their parish enough labourers for their *regular* employment; and that all extra or irregular labourers, who may have any chance of burdening their parish, shall go into another parish to get lodgings, sometimes many miles away, in an open village where there is not the same tyranny, but these are also overcrowded from the difficulty of getting land to build upon. In 40 counties there has been an increase of population of 1 in 17, whilst the house accommodation has been reduced to the extent of 1 in 23 in the ten years from 1851 to 1861. Though some landlords have given attention to the housing of the workers in the collier districts, as for instance the late Duke of Northumberland, who is said to have expended £100,000 in improved cottages on his estates, yet where collier managers have only short leases they run up the cheapest possible buildings at as low a cost

even as £25 for a cottage, so that it will not be wondered at that there are some collier villages especially bad, deficient even in a supply of water.

Such, then, are some of the features of the miserable condition of the homes of no small number of our working population all over the country. Even in a town of comparatively modern growth, such as Liverpool, Mr. Mc. Torrens stated in the House of Commons that there were some 52,000 houses in which the air-space was only one-third of that provided in gaols. The effect of inhabiting such miserable tenements may be seen from a return made some time ago of the average age attained amongst different classes in

	Gentry.	Tradespeople.	Labourers.
Liverpool ..	35 years..	22 years..	15 years.
Birmingham	45 „ ..	26 „ ..	16 „
Rutland	52 „ ..	41 „ ..	38 „

The infant mortality amongst the poor is about in the proportion of 5, to 2 amongst the rich. In proof of the importance of drainage, the case of Leicester may be cited. The average age at death in the drained streets was found to be 23⅘ years; that in streets partly drained, 17½; that in streets entirely undrained, 13½ years. Dr. Lankester calculates that the adoption of proper sanitary arrangements would save the nation some 10 million pounds worth per annum of valuable workpeople's lives.

If the physical stamina of the people is affected by this unwholesome condition of their dwellings, so also is their moral. Early death clears off many of the physically feeble, but the morally feeble gifted with good constitutions, brought up amidst such unfavourable influences, develop into the sensual, the indolent and the criminal, and fill our gin palaces, poor-houses and goals. No wonder, then, that our missionaries who come in contact with such sometimes look aghast at the very nature of the people they labour amongst. Have we any right to expect figs from thistles? Can we look for providence, contentment, self-respect and gratitude to a Divine Father, from such schools of misery, where the sympathies of a human father have scarce the possibility of development?

We speak not problematically, but of facts; for this our apparently wealthy and industrial country, besides its millions of residents in these badly constructed buildings, has about one million, or one-twentieth of the population—nearly as many as the agricultural labourers or as the professional and commercial classes put together—dependent paupers. When such facts become more known, and they are now becoming more widely known, it will be a great disgrace to that one-third of our community who are the comparatively well-to-do in the world, if with their intelligence, education and social circumstance, they do not make a vigorous effort, and set the surplus or imperfectly directed labour of the country, with the help of modern science and machinery, to work, to do something for the other two-thirds, comparatively helpless, to remedy this crying evil, which is producing physical and moral pestilence, to the injury of every class.

ANGRY WORDS.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip!
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, e'er they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken;
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

M.

GREED OF GOLD.

When Napoleon, about 1811, desired to build a palace for the King of Rome, near the Barriere de Passy, the shop of a poor cobbler, named Simon, stood in the way. Simon having learned what was going on, demanded twenty thousand francs for his tenement. The administrator hesitated a few days, and then decided to give it; but Simon, goaded by the love of gain, now asked forty thousand francs. This sum was more than two hundred times its value, and the demand was scouted. An attempt was made to change the frontage, but being found impossible, they went again to the cobbler, who had raised his price to sixty thousand francs. He was offered fifty thousand, but refused. The emperor would not give a franc more, and preferred to change his plan. The speculating son of St. Crispin then saw his mistake, and offered his property for fifty thousand francs, forty thousand, thirty thousand, coming down at last to ten thousand. The disasters of 1814 happened, and all thoughts of a palace for the King of Rome were abandoned. Some months after, Simon sold his shop for one hundred and fifty francs, and in a few days after the sale, was removed to an insane asylum; disappointed avarice had driven him crazy.

"There was an old man," says an Eastern parable, "who had an abundance of gold; the sound of it was pleasant to his ears, and his eye delighted in its brightness. By day he thought of gold, and his dreams were of gold by night. His hands were full of gold, and he rejoiced in the multitude of his chests; but he was faint from hunger, and his trembling limbs shivered beneath his rags. No kind hand ministered to him, nor cheerful voices made music in his home. And there came a child to him, and said: 'Father, I have found a secret. We are rich. You shall not be hungry and miserable any more. Gold will buy all things.' Then the old man was wroth, and said: 'Would you take from me my gold?'"

Many years since, a seafaring man called at a village inn on the coast of Normandy, and asked for supper and a bed. The landlord and landlady were elderly people, and apparently poor. He entered into conversation with them, invited them to partake of his cheer—asked them many questions about themselves and their family, and particularly of a son who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long given over as dead. The landlady shewed him to his room, and when she quitted him he put a purse of gold into her hand, and desired her to take care of it till the morning—pressed her affectionately by the hand, and bade her good-night. She returned to her husband and shewed him the gold. For its sake they agreed to murder the traveller in his sleep, which they accomplished, and buried the body. In the morning early came two or three relations, and asked in a joyful tone for the traveller who had arrived there the night before. The old people seemed greatly confused, but said he had risen very early and gone away. "Impossible!" said the relations. "It is your own son, who is lately returned to France, and is come to make happy the evening of your days, and he resolved to lodge with you one night as a stranger, that he might see you unknown, and judge of your conduct toward wayfaring mariners." Language would be incompetent to describe the horrors of the murderers, when they found that they had dyed their hands in the blood of their long-lost child. They confessed their crime, the body was found, and the wretched murderers expiated their offence by being broken alive upon the wheel.

A London shipping merchant, on a beautiful May morning of 1862, was found dead in his chamber, with so horrible an expression on his countenance, that the persons who first entered the apartment instinctively turned away their faces in uncontrollable terror. Death had given him but a minute's notice, but it was a minute of sane consciousness that he was leaving a million of money; that he would instantly stand before his Maker, to give an account of his stewardship; and that through a long life he had made it his boast and a consistent practice, "I never bestow a penny in charity."

Strive, reader, against the "greed of gold." It is a merciless tyrant, and in the end not only kills the body, but destroys the soul.

HACKNEY UNITARIAN CHURCH,

PARADISE FIELDS, LONDON.

Among our churches in great Britain there is none to which Unitarians look with so much reverence as to Hackney, for the substantial service it has rendered the cause of religious truth and freedom. The ministry there has been conducted by men whose names, virtues and attainments shed a lustre on our whole denomination: they are bright and shining stars in the firmament of our history; and when the full tale is told of the struggles in England for civil and religious liberty, we know of no single church in all our country that for a moment compares with the church that has had for its ministers Priestley and Price, Belsham and Aspland. Here are men to whom our nation and mankind owe a debt of gratitude, and whose incessant and useful labours constantly excite in our minds the highest admiration. They and their people certainly bore the burden and heat of the day against civil tyranny, prescriptions and wrongs, and helped forward those reformations which have conferred upon us security from the angry hostility displayed against them and all Dissenters in their day. It would now be more honourable to the Unitarians as a body, and better for all who shall follow, if we but more faithfully walked in their footsteps, emulated their zeal, and helped to complete the work of freedom which they so dearly loved and laboured to make triumphant. In an age of open persecution and contempt towards Dissenters in general but Unitarians in particular, they shrunk not from the open profession of our faith on this account, but the more firmly adhered to and faithfully vindicated their position, and left us little more than the shreds of that animosity which they had so successfully defeated. We have seen nothing which more clearly indicates the service of our church at Hackney, its pastors and people, during the last one hundred years, than the record on the tablet erected inside the church to the memory of the Rev. Robert Aspland, father of the present minister. It says of Mr. Aspland, who was more than forty years pastor there,

By his eloquent defence of a scriptural and liberal theology,
By his eminently successful labours in extending religious liberty,
By his skill as a tutor of students for the Christian Ministry,
And by his contributions to religious literature,
He proved himself a worthy successor to
Price, Priestley and Belsham,
Who preceded him here in the Ministerial office.

Since the death of Mr. Aspland, in the year 1845, the following ministers have been at Hackney: The Rev. Dr. Thomas Sadler, now of Hampstead; the Rev. John Boucher; and the Rev. Thomas L. Marshall, now of Brixton, London. At the present time, and from the opening of the new church in 1858, the pastor has been the Rev. Robert Brook Aspland, for a great number of years editor of the *Christian Reformer*, which was commenced by his father.

The new building is cruciform in plan, and contains 500 sittings and 50 in the gallery. The exterior is built with Kentish rag-stone and Bath-stone dressings. The style is geometrical Gothic. The interior presents an air of sweetness and comfort. There is at present a large and influential congregation.

SABBATH.

On this sweet morn a calm broods o'er the land—
A holy calm, which never fails to bring
A solace to the soul that loves to sing
Of God's deep love and His all-giving hand;
And this sweet, holy calm we understand;
For it pervades the earth with its broad wing
Of holiness, to which our souls should cling
With love and truth divine; for these expand
The grateful heart, endow it with the power
Of an exalted hope which lulls the soul,
Subdues its passions with a mild control,
And leaves it breathing in a loftier dower.
If sabbaths here on earth such blessings lend,
What will that yield in heaven which has no end?

MISS GIFFORD.

By Rev. E. Kell.

Miss Juliana E. Gifford was the daughter of Captain James Gifford, of Girton, in Cambridgeshire, friend of the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey. Few are the families among us that have contributed more to diffuse the Unitarian doctrine, or to illustrate its efficacy in their lives, than that which bears the honoured name of Gifford. To her father we are indebted for a work which did much service in its day, "The Elucidation of the Unity of God;" and to her brother James (Admiral Gifford), for his able "Remonstrance of a Unitarian," addressed to Bishop Burgess, and other valuable publications. It was the custom of the father and of the son and daughter to compose prayers or collects in relation to family events, which, with earnest attention to the public and private offices of devotion, strengthened that spirit of habitual piety by which they were distinguished.

Miss Gifford imbibed the same warmth of devotional spirit which characterized her father and brother, and breathed also the same ardent desire to diffuse what she believed to be the genuine doctrines of the Gospel. Residing with her brother, she entered largely into his judicious and zealous efforts at Swansea, Cheltenham and Jersey, to promote the Unitarian faith. At Cheltenham more especially, during the early formation of the congregation, Admiral Gifford's services were exceedingly beneficial, and he received on his departure, in 1836, a congregational expression of gratitude.

Miss Gifford took part, until an advanced age, in Sunday-school instruction, and her spirited letter to the "Unitarian Ladies of England" to aid in the erection of a chapel in Jersey, excited much interest. Feeling the supreme value of religious truth, she regarded it her duty in private, with kindness and courtesy, to lay it before others; and the instances were not few in which her efforts to open other minds to the reception of a belief in God, as the one God and Father of all, were successful. She had no respect for those who meanly hide "their light under a bushel," nor would she permit the doctrines she so much loved to be lightly spoken of without defence, whilst her naturally strong understanding enabled her to plead powerfully in their favour. A pleasing incident is related by her brother of her avowal of her religious sentiments at a dinner-table where, with others, eight members of the University were conversing on the subject of Unitarianism. Her steadfast statement of her Unitarian faith so elicited the respect and sympathy of the late Robert Hibbert, Esq., one of the company (not then generally known to be a Unitarian), that he afterwards declared himself to be one. And the circumstance led to the closest intimacy between him and Admiral Gifford, which could not fail to be promotive of zeal for Unitarian objects, towards which both gentlemen so liberally contributed.

Miss Gifford retained to the last her clear intellect and her warm attachment to her religious sentiments, which had been so unfailing a spring of joy to her through life. She bequeathed the reversionary interest of her whole property to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Her motives for this bequest cannot be better given than in her own words in a letter, dated Oct. 5, 1854, to the writer of this memoir, one of her executors: "And when the three persons (those to whom she had given a life interest in the property) are no more, I wish it all to go to the Unitarian cause for ever. This is my most earnest desire, believing Unitarianism to be the true faith—therefore most acceptable to the Almighty, and best for his creation through the whole world. I have been from childhood a perfectly convinced and happy Unitarian, and am more than ever so now, from long reflection and the nearness of death. I cannot but remember, with deep and solemn interest, the zeal and fervent desire shewn by my highly-respected father and beloved brother for the promotion of that faith, so holy and sacred in their estimation, that I believe they would have sacrificed their lives to promote it. I humbly hope, my dear friend, that my wishes and intentions are not wrong in the sight of God; and I trust the dear, dear departed will approve."

The piety which was the main-spring of Miss Gifford's character might naturally be expected to manifest its power

in deeds of enlarged benevolence; and those who were best acquainted with her best know how keenly she sympathized with the sufferings of her fellow-creatures, how indignantly her bosom swelled at their wrongs, and how eager she was to do her part to alleviate their sorrows. I confine myself to mentioning *one* mode in which her philanthropy developed itself, because that one effort, long sustained as it was, is sufficient to entitle her to be considered as one of the benefactors of her race. Her keen powers of argument early perceived the unreasonableness, injustice and impolicy of the Corn Laws; her warm heart was tenderly touched by the sufferings they entailed on the poor; and she resolved to leave no stone within her power unturned to remove them. For this purpose, she and her brother James removed for a time to Manchester, as the head quarters of the agitation for their repeal. There she became the life and soul of the ladies' movement for that object, and drew up that noble Address to the Queen from the Women of England, which, it is said, obtained a million signatures, and the moral effect of which had its due share in influencing the public mind. A vigorous pamphlet of hers against the Corn Laws was most extensively read, and with her other efforts helped to rouse that spirit among the female sex throughout the length and breadth of the land, which so greatly promoted the ultimate success of the agitation. Among her MSS. are many letters from the leaders of the Anti-Corn-law League, which shew the importance they attached to her advocacy of the question, and their general estimate of the value of her services. The late Mr. Cobden complimented her "*as the first of our countrywomen* who had entered into the public advocacy of this question."

Miss Gifford's arduous efforts in the Anti-Corn-law agitation proved at last too severe for a constitution never very strong, and she was obliged to remove from Manchester for change of air. On her leaving it, the following resolution was unanimously passed at the Memorial Committee meeting, on the motion of Mrs. Woolley, seconded by Mrs. Dracup, and forwarded to her in a very gratifying letter by Mrs. Martha Wood: "That this meeting receives with much regret the intelligence of Miss Gifford's indisposition and consequent removal from Manchester, feeling that they thus lose a most valuable coadjutor. They sincerely trust that her health will soon be re-established, and that she may long be spared to prosecute those philanthropic measures which she has by her exertions so much forwarded in Manchester."

Want of space forbids me to add extracts from other letters from the band of faithful women associated to promote the abolition of the odious tax on human food, or from her other correspondents, amongst whom were her deeply-valued friends, Dr. and Mrs. Lant Carpenter.

In joining the name of Juliana Gifford to those philanthropists who have done honour to our religious denomination, I have peculiar pleasure, inasmuch as it is a proof, with many others, that Unitarians are not obnoxious to the charge sometimes made, that they do not take their full and rightful share in the philanthropic movements of the day. Her warm and enlightened benevolence administers also a rebuke to those who discourage the attempt to proselytize to our faith, under the plea that it may interfere with or diminish our interest in movements more especially designated philanthropic. An ardent attachment to Scripture truth, and zealous desire to promote its diffusion, most truly harmonize with an enlarged Christian philanthropy, inasmuch as the highest instrumentality for promoting human happiness is the spreading in its purity of that faith for which Christ died; and the spirit which dictates that righteous effort will warm the heart for other benevolent objects.

For several years before her decease, Miss Gifford had been contemplating a departure from Jersey, for the sake of joining with fellow-christians of her own communion in the solemn rites of worship, and had taken steps for settling at Southampton. But the Great Disposer of all ordained otherwise.

For a few days only she lingered, after her last sudden seizure in 1858, at the age of 82—the earthly body weighing down the soul—and then was summoned to that brighter sphere,

"Where no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the Eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day."

MENTAL DUTY.

It is man's intellectual duty to make truth the first object of life. Not what he fancies truth after hasty and cursory thought, which is but a crotchet, whim or caprice of the mind; but those eternal verities which will remain after the moral phenomena of the earth have passed away for ever, and those can only be won by earnest and thorough mental endeavour. If true manhood is to be attained, no other object must have the first place in thought and feeling, hope and aspiration. And by no other means can man attain to that moral and spiritual state which is surely the highest human blessedness. If he makes any other interest or object of more importance, if he shrinks in weak and unholy fear before the threat of the world and plays the sneak in the path of duty, if he only does the right when it is safe and takes the side of truth when it is popular, it is not the convictions of the reason or the lead of conscience that he follows, nor the holy God of truth that he worships, but he proves himself the slave of his meaner hopes and his baser appetites, and brings weakness to his moral being and leanness to his soul. Irrespective of our own personal interests and wishes as men, we ought to ask, "What is the purpose of God?" "What is His will?" "What does He, the Great and only Supreme Master of life, command?" And what He purposes and wills and commands must be obeyed, whatever may seem to be the threatened consequences. If this principle was practically adopted, the expediencies and policies of men, which mix the elements of evil with good, would be no more required; but the eternal justice and the everlasting goodness, which constitute the essence of all existence, would be supreme and everywhere prevalent.

And this is what the human soul yearns after, in spite of all appearances to the contrary. How does the intellect hunger after reality, for which it has an appetite as keen as that of the body for physical food, and for which it has as great a need! Just as the material vision, on a night when the heavens are obscured by clouds, longs to pierce through those shadows thrown between us and the sky to the genial and kindly stars, so the mental vision of man yearns for the passing shade of phenomena to be removed, that he might gaze on the naked face of reality. And nothing but the calm, eternal grandeurs of the veritable can give lasting peace to his striving and troubled thought. For he knows, by the certainty of intuition, that behind the veil of appearances there is God, the Great Personal Reality, the final answer to the questionings of the busy intellect, and the object for which his whole nature ardently longs.

Truth is the light of the intellect, and it is found alone in its purity and brilliancy in God. So the thought "seeks after Him, if haply it might find Him," as earnestly as the heart thirsts for His love. And He answers this want of the mind, for truth streams from Him in manifold rays; now sweeping in a curve of beauty round some great fact of nature, revealing its existence and illuminating it at the same time; now shooting in a straight line of pure white light from its divine source into the open and waiting mind of some reverent and devout seer; now playing with lightning-like rapidity of suggestion across the world; and now, sun-like, with wide and equal power, opening to the eager vision the whole sphere of existence; for truth and revelation are one and the same thing with two names. And further, nature is God's revelation of Himself to beings of moral capacity. Just in the degree that man attains knowledge, will the phenomena, which to his ignorance conceals God from his mind, reveal Him in His power, wisdom and goodness; for they are the various waves of light which even now roll in upon his mental vision. But just as the unseeing eye of blindness discerns not the objects immediately before it, so the ignorant and undevout intellect is unable to discover the meaning of those messages from on high. But, as the offspring of Deity, it is our duty to strive to penetrate into the inner meaning of appearances,—to seek the centre and essence of things, for the Real is the kingdom of God. Shams which deceive, lies which corrupt, and wrongs which destroys, shall ultimately vanish away like the vapours which cover the face of the heavens with clouds, obscuring the light of both sun and stars, leaving the

real alone to continual and everlasting existence.

This seeking after truth is no mere luxury of the mind, in which it may revel with solitary joy; it is a striving after thought that answers to reality. Neither is it a barren duty ending with itself; for each man's mind, a world in itself, is like a star which, while illuminating its own existence with the light it drinks from the sun, at the same time radiates it around to brighten and beautify other worlds;

"For God does with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth from us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not."

Then let me say to the young readers of the *Christian Freeman:* Young men and women, give vigorous exercise to your intellectual faculties, for it is a religious duty so to do. If you would learn how to master the difficulties of life, or to bear them with pious, trusting, hopeful courage, learn to think, for mind is the only real power in the universe. Nay, if you would have perfect physical health, learn to think; for physiology assures us that the exercises of the brain are essential to a perfectly healthy physical system. If you would attain the purest and profoundest joys that immortal capacity can bestow or bear, learn to think, for thereby you will be enabled to perceive and recognize a holy spirit pervading and operating through all existence —a spirit with which you can hold personal and conscious communion, and in which you will find love for your affections, refreshings for your weariness when fatigued with the toils of life, and a boundless delight of heart and thought at all times. If you would rise to the higher principles of the moral and spiritual world, and attain the same kind of feelings, the same ideas, in a finite degree, as the Infinite Thinker, learn to think, deeply, devoutly and constantly, and a blessed and a boundless joy shall be yours, so long as you keep yourselves pure and sweet by goodness. For when man communes consciously with God, and thought answers to thought, and feeling to feeling, and the mind is excited with its discoveries and inventions—for never is it so original as when under divine influence—and great ideas and holy fervour kindle it into ecstacy, the finite offspring has a taste of somewhat of that grand and awful gladness which the Eternal Parent must have as there flows from Him those creative energies which call worlds into existence; and somewhat of that rapture with which He glows as His eye wanders over His universe, and beholds His own glory everywhere reflected. That must have been the triumph of mind which kindled in the soul of Jesus and broke into the words, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," on a memorable occasion. Thought is the prerogative of two beings alone, God and man; and the human being who neglects the nurture and exercise of this gift, loses some of the highest joys of life. Thought is the key of life, the master of the world, and man is the Lord of this lower sphere because he is a thinker.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

THE SUNSHINE AND THE SHADOW.

I SAW a little child, so gentle and so bright, he was like a star upon the earth, and wheresoever he went light followed him. And the light rested upon all things that he touched—and it was a wondrous light. I saw him beside a pebbly brook, and the waters gleamed with a new beauty; he dipped in his little dimpled hand, and the drops that he splashed from his rosy fingers glittered with *such* a sparkle, that he laughed with a glad laugh. Oh! the beautiful waters, he was very merry with them. And the light fell upon the stones under the water, and they shone like diamonds and rubies; and the little child gathered many of them, and felt very rich; and he seated himself upon the green grass and played a long time with his beautiful pebbles. Presently a butterfly came along, and the light from the child fell on the gay butterfly. And O, such beauty! The child thought he had never seen anything half so beautiful; he watched it with a wondrous love; he would not move; but his large, loving eyes rested on it, full of hope and desire, for he saw it fly from flower to flower,

sipping the honey-dew. And a large buttercup bloomed very near to him, and his light shone full upon it; and he hoped that the bright butterfly would come and drink out of that yellow cup, and then he would better see those beautiful wings. And the butterfly felt the light that was around the little boy, and so he feared not, but came and rested in the pleasant flower so long, that the boy's desire was satisfied.

And now he heard a bird sing, and such a song! It seemed as if the light from the little boy fell upon the birdie's song, for it was the merriest and sweetest that a child ever heard. And now the child's mother came, and he sprang to her with such a loving joy—clasped his arms around her—rested his little sleepy face upon her bosom—and the angel thoughts passed over his face in dream smiles. And the light of the child rested on the good mother, and she too was beautiful, because she had a good child.

But I saw another one, and I looked in vain for the light. There was none; and wheresoever he went a dark shadow followed him. All tried to please him—to make him happy—but the shadow fell on the costly toys they gave him, and they became broken, useless fragments; and on the cakes and candies, and changed them to hurtful poisons, which when he had eaten them made the shadow more black. And then he, too, was taken out into the beautiful country, but the pebbly brook, with its pretty waters, became a more muddy stream, with earthy stones under that dark shadow. The happy butterfly was chased from every flower upon which it lighted, till at last its weary wings gave out, and it was snatched by a rude hand and became a loathsome mass. O, it was hideous in the black shadow! The birds flew trembling away.

And now the mother came for the tired boy too, but he struggled and cried, and the shadow fell upon the mother, and made her so unbeautiful that I could look no longer, for I saw her seize the switch that had so cruelly used the sweet flowers, and I did not wish to see what she was going to do with it, and I wished to escape from the shadow.

Little children, the sunshine was Love, and the shadow was Hatred.—*Little Truth-teller.*

MY CONFESSION OF FAITH.

By a London Policeman.

Some time ago I joined one of our Unitarian churches; so a few words of mine may possibly not prove distasteful to the readers of the Christian Freeman.

I have been nearly twenty-one years a policeman, and I think I have attended all places of worship, from the National Church to the Mormonite meeting, that I might judge for myself of their opinions. On two occasions I heard the Unitarians, whom I then knew nothing about, denounced from the pulpit—once by a Rector of the State Church, and another time by a Doctor of Divinity of the New-Connexion Methodists. After that I ventured to hear the Unitarians too. This led to a conversation with a clergyman of the Church of England on the subject of the Trinity. I always thought him a very affable and agreeable gentleman. He consented to explain a few passages of Scripture for me; but after I presented the passage in the Burial Service, "When all things shall be subdued unto Christ, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all,"—he said to me, "You have dangerous notions in your head." A friend standing near said, "Do you think him an unbeliever?" He replied, "No, he is worse; he is a *heretic*," and left the room. I am persuaded now I am neither an unbeliever nor a heretic. I believe in one Eternal, Almighty God; that He alone is God; that all things through Him and by Him exist. The highest archangel and the lowest reptile are His. I believe that man is God's child, and is placed in authority over the lower parts of creation, endowed with sufficient reason to know and power to do God's will. In that blessed book called the Bible there is an account of the Fall, or the first transgression, a mystery still to me, and may ever be so. I read the Bible with all the reverence it well deserves, at the same time with deference to that reason God has given me. The more I read its sacred pages, I am the more convinced of the truthfulness of the Divine Unity. I see nothing in it about the Trinity. In olden times God raised up men of supernatural powers to pro-

claim His oneness to those sunk in idolatry and sin, and that He required of man that "he should do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God." In reading over the Gospels, the teaching of Jesus Christ appeared to me as clear as the sun, and that he was Jehovah's righteous servant. He said he was dependent on his Heavenly Father for all those mighty acts which he performed. His disciples and immediate followers are always in harmony with this view. I have often heard sermons, full of zeal more than of knowledge, in defence of the Godhead of Christ. If I am wrong in my views, I believe God will pardon me, as I have done my best through His word to discover truth. Some time ago I met my aged father, a man of whom I can speak in solemn truth as having walked in the ways of his Divine Master from manhood to old age, and I find his views have always been in keeping with the Unitarian faith, though not brought up in their church. I am sometimes sneered at and laughed at for attending a place of Unitarian worship. I can truthfully say that many a time in this worship my heart is strengthened and refreshed, and my perplexed mind is there set at rest. Now, whether my days are many or few, in this faith I hope to live, and in it I feel I shall not be afraid to die. Although the creeds of those around me differ greatly from my own, it is a happiness to feel kept free from the spirit of bigotry by being continually taught that all are right who obey, so far as they perceive, the will of God, and that all who are pure in heart shall see Him.

GREEK AND EPISCOPALIAN.

1. The Greek church maintains that the Holy Spirit proceeds *only* from the Father; the Episcopal, from the Father *and the Son.*

2. The Greek church believes in regeneration by baptism; the Episcopal regards baptism as only the seal of inward faith, and nothing more.

3. The Greek church teaches, that by the prayer of the priest the bread and the wine are changed into the very body and blood of Christ—that is, are *transubstantiated;* the Episcopal regards the bread and wine as *mere symbols* of the body and blood of Christ.

4. The Greek church believes that *good works* are necessary to *salvation;* the Episcopal attributes salvation to *faith* alone, and regards good works only as the *fruit* of faith.

5. The Greek church believes in images and saints; the Episcopal rejects both.

6. The Greek church avails herself of the mediation of the saints and of the Virgin Mary; the Episcopal acknowledges no mediation between Christ and men.

7. The Greek church maintains that the prayers of priests, and especially the offering of the bloodless sacrifice, almsgiving, &c., have efficacy in transferring from Hades to Paradise the souls of the departed—of those at least who repented while they were living, but did not have opportunity to practise good works; the Episcopal, on the contrary, teaches that no change of condition can take place after death.

8. The Episcopal church believes in Divine foreordination—that is, that before the foundation of the world God predestined some to salvation, and left others to perdition; the Greek accepts no such doctrine.

9. The Episcopal church believes that the Holy Scriptures alone ought to be received as the rule of faith, and contains all that is necessary to salvation; the Greek accepts besides the so-called sacred traditions.

10. The Greek church regards her own way of baptism as the only right way, and every other way as invalid; and on this account she requires that those who come to her from other sects shall be baptized anew.

11. The Greek church regards her own clergy alone as the successors of the apostles, and no ordinations as valid unless performed by them; hence, after the union of the two churches, all the clergy of the Episcopal church will have to be re-ordained by Greek bishops.

12. The Greek church has fasts and confessions, prays for the dead, forbids her bishops to marry, grants absolutions, and encourages the monastic life; the Episcopal church not only does not accept these, but condemns them as contrary to the Holy Scriptures.

A LITTLE BOY ON CRUTCHES.

The snow was falling fast as we stood over the open grave, just ready to let gently down into its silence the beautiful form of a little child about three years old. All must have been struck by the pale, the very pale face of the father, and have said in their thoughts, "Poor fellow, you will soon follow her!" All must have noticed the almost wild look of the mother, as her child was about to be buried in the dark, cold grave. The snow lay in the bottom of the grave, and it lay white on the coffin. But did they notice a little lame boy, two years older than the little sister about to be buried, as he leaned on his small crutches over the corner of the grave, and looked so earnestly into it? He was very small and very pale, and the first look at him shewed you that he must be a cripple as long as he lived. He had lost his little sister, his playmate, the other self. No voice had been so gentle and no heart so loving to him as hers. He shed no tears. He stood like a marble figure upheld by crutches. But his little bosom heaved as if it would burst; and, though he uttered no sound, I felt sure that he was sincerely mourning. The men unconsciously pushed him back as they finished the burial. Oh, how meekly those little crutches took him back out of the way! I felt that I wanted to take him up in my arms and weep over him. No one thought of him, save the One who took little children up in his arms and blessed them.

The family returned from the burial. Each one thought so much of his own grief that the little lame boy was not thought of as needing consolation.

But from that grave the little fellow began to droop and wither. It was soon noticed that he ate but little, and in the night would be heard, as with a low voice he repeated over and over the little hymns that he used to repeat with the little sister. They thought it the grief of a child, and that a new sled and new playthings would banish it. But the arrow had gone in too deeply to be thus drawn out. For hours he would go and sit in the little nook where he and Jessie used to play, with his chin in his thin hand—thinking, thinking! Sometimes he would ask if Jessie could "remember now," or if she would "love him still," or if they supposed "she sang the same hymns where she was gone" which they used to sing together, or if "she would know him if she should meet him *without any crutches?*" The hymns that spoke of Jesus and his love, of heaven and its rest, of the angels and the redeemed, seemed to be his delight. Though he seldom mentioned Jessie's name, it became after a time well understood that he thought only of her. He laid aside his playthings as of no use, but would bend over her little drawer, and earnestly gaze at what her tiny fingers once handled.

Slowly and gently his life began to ebb out. He had no sickness, made no mention of pain, had no cough, and medicine could do nothing for him. When he came to take his bed from sheer weakness, he begged that he might lie on the very bed and on the same spot where Jessie died. Sometimes in the night he would be heard to utter a suppressed moan, and when his mother hastened to him and inquired what he wanted, he would only say, "I want Jessie! Do you think she has forgotten me? I want to go to Jessie, and she will tell me all about it." Once he was heard to break out almost into a shout.

"What is it, my son?" said his mother.

"Oh, I thought Jessie had come!"

"No. But, my child, you are going to Jessie; you will soon see her."

"Ah! I know. But I wish I could carry her something. And yet I know she has better things there."

* * * *

The little crutches are now standing in the corner of the mother's chamber, leaning against the little bureau that held Jessie's clothes and things. His little hat hangs just over the crutches. The pale face is there no more. Side by side the two small graves are seen, under the great hemlock that tenderly spreads his shade over them. The cold winds of winter whistle over them. But where are the children? Did Jessie know him "without crutches"? Is he lame and pale and moaning now? Or is the Good Shepherd leading them to still waters, and educating and training them up in that pure and bright world? There is no little boy on crutches looking into the grave of a sister there!

CONVERSION.

Many people seem to labour under the impression, that conversion is a mysterious process, altogether beyond the comprehension of human reason, and altogether beyond the reach of human interference. They imagine that God, by his own miraculous power, takes a sinful man and makes a Christian out of him, just as he would speak a new world into being in some far-off region of space, by a fiat of his omnipotence. The wonderful instances of conversion which are often given in books and papers, and the more wonderful experiences which are sometimes related in our hearing by imaginative and uneducated persons like "Awful Gardner," while they may be real in themselves, yet are fitted, in some respects, to say the least, to exert a questionable influence upon the popular mind and heart. They divert men from the simple, child-like duty which lies right in their path, and lead them to look for some miraculous interposition of Providence in their behalf. Now, I may be wrong in my opinion; but it seems to me that there is no more mystery—no more miracle—in a man's conversion than there is in any well-defined voluntary act of his life. The consequences may be more vital and far-reaching; but the process is no more complicated than that of a thousand acts in our every-day life upon which we do not bestow a thought. A circle is a very simple curve. Almost any schoolboy would undertake to describe one on the blackboard without the slightest hesitation. But yet, if we examine the matter closely, we find that, in striking a circle rapidly by the crayon, there must be at least four different muscles set in motion by a single volition; two acting together in different directions at the same time, and all accelerating and retarding their motion by peculiar laws. The schoolboy does not stop to consider the physiological or psychological difficulties in the case; but he sees in his mind's eye the curve which he would form, and a single impulse of the will sends the pencil along the waving outline. It is his will working in him and through him which carries out the action. Just so are we to work out our salvation, remembering that it is God who worketh in us to will and to do his good pleasure. The overwhelming thought in every case of voluntary action, whether it be the describing of a circle on a blackboard, or a turning from sin to holiness, is this—that the guidance of God's power is entrusted, is made subject to our will. It may seem strange to us that God should do this; but the fact that he has done it we demonstrate to ourselves in every step we take. God commands us to repent and be converted. Now, we can repent and turn to him, or else he has commanded us to do an impossibility. We can forsake sin, and do the works of Christian men and women, or else God's requirements are too difficult to be understood and obeyed.

We are away from God and duty; we are straying farther and farther. Shall we wander on until our feet are on the dark mountains, or shall we return? A turning back is conversion, as its name implies. Of course there must be a change of purpose, a stern resolve—the highest exercise of the will—or else there will be no turning back, no conversion. One implies the other. A truant child, some summer afternoon, leaves its home, and strolls over the fields and along the river. He loosens a boat which he finds, from its fastenings, and floats in it down the stream. He does not realize, as he looks at the flowers on the margin, and listens to the songs of the birds in the meadows, where he is, or whither he is tending. But at length he comes to himself. No matter what brings him to himself. It may be the coming on of night; it may be the cry of wild beasts among the trees which begin to overhang the banks of the river; it may be the sound of a cataract growing more and more distinct and terrible in his ear; it may be the thought of home. It is of no consequence whether it be one or all of these. There is just one thing for him to do, and he does it. He turns his boat, and, with the prow up the stream, he plies the oar like a man, and is saved. The duty of the child in the case supposed is the duty of every one who is conscious that the distance is widening between him and a Father's home. The great difference between the unconverted and the converted is here,—the one is rowing up stream, the other is floating down. The Christian may make poor

progress in his course; his boat, like Virgil's may oftentimes drift down with the current; but if he be a true Christian, his hand will always be on the oar, and the prow always turned toward the fountain-head.

The new convert should not expect "his experience," as it is called, will be like that of everybody else. No two faces are alike in any audience, no two trees are alike in the woods, no two blades of grass in the field. So no two human minds are so constituted as to be affected in the same way by the same truths. It matters not if you cannot tell just when you became a Christian; I do not suppose one Christian in twenty could do it. If we sow a handful of wheat in our garden, we could not tell, though we watched it ever so narrowly, the exact moment when it germinated. But when we see the waving grain in the autumn, we know it did germinate; and that is all we care for.

The young disciple should not expect too much light at once. It will grow brighter with every Christian duty he performs. The Christian life is a sort of mountain-path, and the higher one climbs, the clearer the atmosphere, and the sooner he will see the morning sun. To the adventurous traveller who has ascended to the summit of Mont Blanc, the sun rises earlier and sets later, and the night, therefore, is shorter, than to the peasant who lives in the valley at its base. So is it in the Christian life. Clearness of vision, and firmness of foot, and beauty of prospect, come only to those who have struggled up to the heights—to the heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Conversion may be the work of a moment; but a saint is not made in an hour. Character—Christian character—is not an act, but a process; not a sudden creation, but a development. It grows and bears fruit like a tree.

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

Submit thy fate to Heaven's indulgent care,
Though all seem lost, 'tis impious to despair;
The paths of Providence like rivers wind,
And though immerged in earth from human eyes,
Again break forth and more conspicuous rise.

A ROMAN HERO.

In the war between Rome and Carthage, the Consul Regulus was taken captive. He was kept a close prisoner for two years, pining and sickening in his loneliness; while in the mean time the war continued, and at last a victory so decisive was gained by the Romans, that the people of Carthage were discouraged, and resolved to ask terms of peace. They thought that no one would be so readily listened to at Rome as Regulus, and they therefore sent him there with their envoys, having first made him swear that he would come back to his prison if there should neither be peace nor an exchange of prisoners. They little knew how much more a true-hearted Roman cared for his city than for himself—for his word than for his life.

Worn and dejected, the captive warrior came to outside the gates of his own city, and there paused, refusing to enter. "I am no longer a Roman citizen," he said; "I am but the barbarians' slave, and the senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls."

His wife Marcia ran out to greet him, with his two sons, but he did not look up, and received their caresses as one beneath their notice, as a mere slave; and he continued, in spite of all entreaty, to remain outside the city, and would not even go to the little farm he had loved so well.

The Roman Senate, as he would not come into them, came out to hold their meeting in the Campagna.

The ambassadors spoke first; then Regulus, standing up, said, as one repeating a task: "Conscript Fathers, being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come on the part of my masters to treat with you concerning peace, and an exchange of prisoners." He then turned to go away with the ambassadors, as a stranger might not be present at the deliberations of the Senate. His old friends pressed him to stay and give his opinion as a Senator who had twice been Consul; but he refused to degrade that dignity by claiming it, slave as he was. But, at the command of his Carthaginian masters, he remained, though not taking his seat.

Then he spoke. He told the Senators to persevere in the war. He said he had seen the distress of Carthage, and that a peace would be only to her advantage, not to that of Rome, and therefore he strongly advised that the war should continue. Then, as to the exchange of prisoners, the Carthaginian generals, who were in the hands of the Romans, were in full health and strength, while he himself was too much broken down to be fit for service again; and indeed he believed that his enemies had given him a slow poison, and that he could not live long. Thus he insisted that no exchange of prisoners should be made.

It was wonderful, even to Romans, to hear a man thus pleading against himself, and their chief priest came forward, and declared that, as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound by it to return to his captivity. But Regulus was too noble to listen to this for a moment. "Have you resolved to dishonour me?" he said. "I am not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action, or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of Rome. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go; let the gods take care of the rest."

The Senate decided to follow the advice of Regulus, though they bitterly regretted his sacrifice. His wife wept, and entreated in vain that they would detain him; they could merely repeat their permission to him to remain; but nothing could prevail with him to break his word, and he turned back to the chains and death he expected as calmly as if he had been returning to his home.

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THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

True faith, producing love to God and man,
Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel plan?
The Gospel plan.

Must I my faith and Christian love c'er shew,
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?
Both friend and foe.

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good, and love him still?
Love him still.

If he my failings watches to make known,
Must I correct them and forgive his own?
Forgive his own.

But if my name and character he blast,
And cruel malice, too, a long time last;
And if I sorrow and affliction know,
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?
Still love and bless.

Why, Echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove!
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love!
Nothing else but love.

Amen! with all my heart, then be it so;
'Tis all delightful, just and good, I know;
And now to practise I'll directly go.
Directly go.

Things being so, whoever me reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect.
Surely will protect.

Henceforth I'll roll on Him my every care,
And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer.
Embrace in prayer.

But after all those duties I have done,
Must I, in point of merit, them disown,
And trust for heaven the Father's love alone?
The Father's love alone.

Echo, enough! thy counsels to mine ear
Are sweeter than, to flowers, the dew-drop tear;
Thy wise, instructive lessons please me well;
I'll go and practise them. Farewell, Farewell.
Practise them. Farewell, farewell.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON, of America, was asked respecting his religion. His memorable answer was: "It is known to God and myself. Its evidence before the world is to be known in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one."

HOW TO BREAK YOUR NEIGHBOUR'S LEG.—If you want to injure some one, throw on the side walk apple-paring or orange-peel. If a poor man, who works ten hours a day to support a family of six children, step on it, he will most likely sprain his ankle, if he do no more, and be confined to the house for a month, thereby losing his wages for that time. Such recklessness is but little short of criminality; and although the press has from time to time inveighed against the practice, it is yet committed far too often. We are now in the season of fruit of all kinds, and let every man take these words as addressed to himself. He will not then be the unintentional cause of suffering to some innocent person.

"PLEASE, MISS, LET ME KISS YOUR DOLLY." Accompanied by her nurse, a little miss in full promenade trim was gravely walking down the street, holding fast in her arms a lovely wax doll, also fully arrayed to meet unharmed the chilling winter blast. Trotting close behind was one of those squalid children of poverty, prematurely old through lack of kindness and tender mother-love; the large, earnest eyes regarding with unutterable admiration Miss Dolly's flaxen curls and staring blue eyes, as she nodded along over the little lady's shoulder. Through shyness the unclothed, blue feet kept at a respectful distance, their owner giving neither sign nor token, until this comfortable nursery party were about to enter an elegant residence, when, with a little spring and sigh, as if expecting a rebuff, she modestly touched the arm of the richly dressed child, and with trembling lips said, "Please let me kiss your dolly. My face is clean, and I haven't kissed anything pretty so long, not since my mother died." The nurse turned angrily, but the little fur-clothed fairy bent towards her suffering sister, and said, very gently and sweetly, "Yes, indeed, little girl, and I'll kiss you too, and you shall have my other dolly, and some nice clothes and shoes;" and reaching forth her hand to the neglected, lonely one, they disappeared up the steps.

OLD AGE.—Old age is a public good. Do not feel sad because you are old. Whenever you are walking, no one ever opens a gate for you to pass through, no one ever honours you with any kind of help, without being himself the better for what he does; for fellow-feeling with the aged ripens the soul. "What would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth for one day, to ask her pardon on my bended knees for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain."

DRINK TO THE GLORY OF GOD.—A Highlander, a great drunkard, was led to attend a temperance lecture and to take the pledge of total abstinence. It cost him great and fierce struggles to keep it, but he kept it manfully, and not long after, the good seed of the word of God sprung up in his reformed heart, and he became a sincere Christian. Not having any settled occupation, and wishing to support himself, he managed by the help of some friends to get a little stock of trinkets and set himself up as a pedlar. Happening to travel near Balmoral while the queen was staying there, he bethought him to try to get the queen's patronage, and, by the help of his honest face and the good-will of the Earl of Carlisle, he succeeded. The queen purchased some of his wares, and gave him permission to wear the royal arms as the queen's pedlar. He left her presence with a happy heart and a heavy purse, but before being dismissed from the house the earl offered him a glass of wine with which to drink the queen's health. It was a great temptation, but Donald uttered a silent prayer, and then bravely said: "I cannot drink the queen's health in wine, but I will drink it in water."

JOE AND HIS BROTHER.—Joe was sent to his room for a fault. His brother crept up stairs and said: "Joe, you know you've been a naughty boy; don't you feel sorry?" "Yes." "Well, Joe, shall I pray for you?" "Yes." They knelt. The boy prayed, and on rising he said: "There, Joe, don't you feel better now?" "No, I don't." "Then I had better pray again, hadn't I?" "I think you had." They knelt, and the boy prayed again. "There, Joe, don't you feel better *now?*" "Yes, I think I do." "Then let us go down and tell mother." That boy understood the text which tells us to pray for one another.—*Sunday-School Journal.*

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